When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania wak't, and ſtraight way lou'd an Aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuiſe.
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping, (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his ſide;
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe: this is the ſame *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I ſhould vſe thee worſe,
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander*, in his ſleepe; (to
Being ore ſhooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as ſoone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murdred him.
So ſhould a murtherer looke; ſo dead, ſo grimme.
Dem. So ſhould the murthered looke, and ſo ſhould I,
Pearſt through the heart, with your ſterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lyſander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my ſake:
Durſt thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him, ſleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Deme. You ſpende your paſſion, on a miſpriſ'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee mee more:
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine.
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout ſlippe doth ſorrow owe:
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Ly downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on ſome true loues ſight.
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turnd, and not a falſe turnd true.
Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob. Flower of this purple dy,

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